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# Ambition

A Poem

By W. Durward Howie



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By  
W. DURWARD HOWIE

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## DEDICATION

To my mother, Mary Elizabeth Howie,  
To my wife, Vida McAllister Howie,  
To my daughter, Margaret Elizabeth  
Howie.





## Ode To The Flag



Flag of our fathers who fought for the blessings  
of peace,

Flag of our hopes that were born when it  
waved in the breeze,

Flag of our dreams that has brought the op-  
pressed glad release

From tyrants' power when it floated o'er land  
and the seas,

Flag of our fears when we saw the war mon-  
ster appear,

Flag of our tears when we gave our brave  
boys for the fight,

Flag of our homes that we felt were so sacred  
and dear,

Flag of our prayers when we asked for the  
triumph of Right.

We honor thee as thou wavest aloft in the  
breeze.

AUG 30 1923

## Introduction

The word "Ambition" means "to go around." It refers to the custom of ancient Roman politicians going around seeking the favor of the citizens and desiring their votes. In various ways these politicians sought public favor. Some acted wisely and brought a boon to their country while others influenced by selfishness brought disfavor to themselves and misfortune to their native land. All were "ambitious." The World War called attention to the fact that the "ambition" of ancient Rome has been repeated in modern times. In that war some fought for selfish interests, some for liberty; some had a false, some a true "Ambition." In the poem "Ambition" the author has sought to show the folly of false "ambition" and the greatness of true "ambition." He gives it to the public in the hope that it may sound a warning to those who live for themselves alone and an inspiration to those who live for the public welfare.







"I think the world is at her best."

## ACT I

Scene I. A Garden of Corsica. A Starry Night.

Enter Napoleon Bonaparte and Friends.  
Napoleon.

What think you of the starry night?  
What think you of the heavens  
bright?

Carlo.

I t h i n k the world is at her best  
To soothe our souls to quiet rest.  
There's not a sound that I can hear,  
No melancholy noise is near,  
The stars that glitter right up there  
Are Fairy lanterns of the air,  
The trees along the ways that bow  
Proclaim a world of Love right now,  
All Nature seems to say to me,  
"The world is as it ought to be."

Napoleon.

The world is not just as it seems,  
For me to-night's a night of dreams;  
But oft I've heard my father say,  
"My son, dream not your life away,  
Put up your dreams and be a man  
And help the world the best you  
can."

But somehow I have always found  
That dreamy men in hope abound.  
When grieving Nature sheds her tears  
And happy Sunshine then appears  
The Rainbow turns the night to day  
And Nature is in glad array--  
So when one dreams in early years  
His dreams may end in childish tears,  
But when the Sun of Hope appears  
The Rainbow comes to light his years.  
The world's a garden unto me  
With every kind of flower and tree--  
With roses red and daisies white,  
With lilies pale and poppies bright,  
With violets and sunflowers, too,  
And flowers of red and white and blue.  
This dream-land garden now is France,  
I see her mighty hosts advance.

LeFere.

Youth sees the world a garden gay  
Wherein the acts of men are play,  
But soon the world becomes a stage  
On which mad actors always rage,  
And then it changes to a sea  
With waves of grim uncertainty,  
At length it is a forest deep  
Where silence reigns o'er souls that sleep.  
We now are in the garden here  
But yonder (pointing) is a cottage queer,  
Where lives a man who thinks that life  
Is one colossal, awful strife  
Between Ambition false and true,  
Between the good and evil, too,  
But with Ambition that is pure

The world will rest in peace secure.

(They All Sing.)

Let Freedom rule throughout the world,  
Let tyrants from their thrones be hurled,  
Let Justice come to take her stand  
Before the hearths of every land,  
Let honor be the rule of might  
To bring the day out of the night,  
Let Bethlehem forever stand  
A beacon to each darkened land,  
Let angels tune their harps to play,  
Let Heaven's music sound to-day.

(They All Leave the Garden.)

Act I. Scene 2.

The Same Garden. Enter Three Vagabonds.

First Vagabond. (Pointing Around.)

What have we here? A garden rare,  
What have we there? (Pointing.) A cot-  
tage bare.

So misery is often found  
Not far from where great joys abound.  
The poor man in his wretched state  
Is starving at the rich man's gate,  
The infant cooing in her cot  
As if to say, "Forget me not,"  
Is near the saddened cottage where  
There is a vacant cot or chair.

Second Vagabond.

Why prate about and sorrow take?  
Your world yourself can only make.

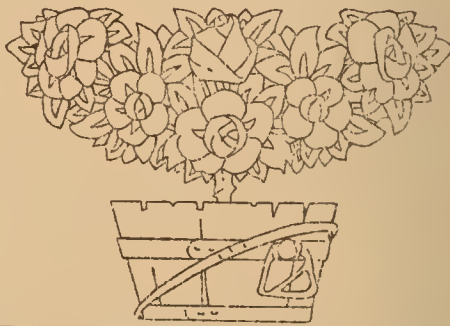
Third Vagabond.

Tut, tut, my friends, the world's all right,

If you look on the side that's bright.  
First Vagabond,

It may be right, but now I hear  
An awful scourge is drawing near.  
Last night as I lay sleeping out  
I heard a fierce and dreadful shout,  
And then I saw a man pass by  
And heard him heave in bitter sigh,  
"The Bastile has been taken now,  
And Paris to the mob must bow."

A voice from the cottage singing,  
Sleep on, my child, and be at rest,  
Watched o'er by angels that are blest.  
The troubles that have brought a tear  
Are gone and God is staying near.  
(They all go out.)



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Act I.      Scene 3.

(A Street in Paris. A great commotion. Enter  
Desmoulins, Bailly, Necker, and Crowds.)

Desmoulins,

The old king Louis now is dead,  
And as he died he sighing said,  
"A deluge, after me"—I hear  
The storm that now is drawing near,



I see the Day of Freedom spent,  
I know the heart of France is rent.  
Where Vice and Luxury abound  
Contentment sweet is never found.  
The new king now has given up  
To drink the Autocratic cup  
So full of dregs and bitterness,  
So full of anguish and distress.  
They say he is a noble king—  
Nobility with truth should ring—  
Why does he then the rule bestow  
On men who rob the people so?  
I see a reason for his deeds,  
(He must supply Ambition's needs.)  
Well! Let him now this course advance,  
With Life or Death he takes a chance,  
Out of this land of tears and sighs  
Let Freedom like Young Phoenix rise.  
Yet in the dark and gloomy night  
I hear Ambition's call to might,  
"Climb upward o'er the rugged steeps,  
No frowning rock Ambition keeps  
From reaching dizzy heights above  
Where man forgets all human love  
And looks on faces once aglow  
Now marred by misery and woe,  
And glories in the evil hour  
That gives to him death-dealing power,  
And laughs to see fair men in chains  
While he the sceptre holds, and reigns."

Necker.

I know that France again will be  
A home for noble men and free,  
But she is passing through a gale,



Her Ship of State can scarcely sail,  
Autocracy or Anarchy  
Can never give her Liberty;  
But why complain about her plight  
Unless you do just what is right?  
For I have noticed in my life  
That talking men oft bring a strife;  
So keep your words for other days,  
But frame your deeds in Freedom's ways.  
He wins who works, and silence keeps,  
He fails who talks and feebly creeps.  
Be thou a hero, let thy might  
In golden deeds proclaim the right.

Desmoulins.

That may be so, but this I know  
That wise men talk like Mirabeau,  
Who said in haughty, fiery tones,  
"We will not leave this hall, the stones  
Of Paris rise in mutiny  
Against this vain Autocracy,  
To king and counselor we shout,  
'The bayonet must drive us out.'"  
If he can talk why cannot I  
Who hear the people's awful sigh?

Necker.

But who has put on France the rod-  
The people or a righteous God?  
I am a banker and I know  
That money makes the money grow:  
So luxury will always bring  
More luxury and everything  
That mars at length a happy State  
And brings on man a cruel fate.  
I am content to think that now

Our country to our God must bow,  
Because I know it is our sin  
That brought us to the place we're in.  
Forgetting luxury will be  
The price of France's liberty.

Bailly.

As Mayor of this city proud  
I am by sorrow deeply bowed,  
I see the folly of the way  
Of choosing night instead of day,  
Of fighting for a cause that's wrong  
Although encouragement be strong,  
Of trusting men of doubtful lives  
Although they work like bees in hives.  
(I hear some bugler sounding "Taps,"  
I wonder if our Louis naps.)

Enter Citizens.

First Citizen.

When will this Reign of Terror end?  
When will the tyrant's spirit bend?

Second Citizen.

I do not know when this will be,  
But one thing I can plainly see—  
Ambition one day will behold  
A world of sorrow yet untold,  
Through Belgium will the hosts advance  
To spill the blood of noble France.

Act I. Scene 4.

[The Royal House in Versailles. Enter Duke de Laincourt.]

DeLaincourt, looking around.

The king, the king, I want the king

To tell him of the wicked thing  
That has o'ertaken France just now.  
I fear that Paris to the mob must bow.

(Enter the King, Louis XVI.)

Louis.

What have you heard from Paris, friend,  
To make you think that France will bend  
The knee before some tyrant great--  
Or Anarchy his bloody mate?  
There is a God who lives above  
And guides the eagle and the dove.

DeLaincourt.

Your faith is great, your knowledge small,  
You did not see the Bastile fall,  
And Paris knows no law to-day,  
For blood and death and crime hold sway.

Louis.

An Insurrection now is here  
And we must rule without a fear.

DeLaincourt.

An Insurrection—not at all,  
A Revolution—that is all.

(He Goes Out.)

Louis.

The man who lives a public life  
No stranger is to public strife.  
No matter what he tries to do,  
"He is ambitious through and through."  
I do not see why this should be,  
My people are so dear to me,  
I work for France with all my might  
And try to do the thing that's right.

Because I have some friends to please  
The rabble sorely tries to tease,  
And calls me vain, and shouts that I  
Deserve not life but ought to die.  
If I were not a child of Fate  
I'd spurn my crown and abdicate,  
But if I leave when troubles roll  
The world will say, "A wretched soul."  
I think the king is always blest  
Who trusts in God and does his best.  
I've wandered through the forest deep  
To see what Nature there doth keep,  
To see if I could find a spring  
At which birds drink and sweetly sing,  
To see if I could find a flower  
That would adorn my own home bower,  
To see what God would say to me  
Through bramble bush and shady tree.  
In deepest dell I've often found,  
Where shadows fall the year around,  
A graceful fern that always speaks  
The voice of God to him who seeks.  
Fair flowers are creatures of the sun  
And go to sleep when day is done,  
The fern in darkness thrives and lives,  
Out of that darkness beauty gives.  
The flower dies not because of light.  
The fern dies not because of night,  
And each a message now would give  
To help humanity to live.  
Sometimes a God who knows us all  
Takes us away where shadows fall,  
And shows us not the flowers of light,  
But shows us ferns that thrive at night.

Life's glories are not always won  
By him who sees the noonday sun,  
But victory will him delight  
Who climbs on upward in the night,  
The man with soul that is set free—  
No matter where his life may be—  
Will honor God who loves and lives  
And to His people honor gives.  
The beauty of the flower will be  
No greater than the fern to me,  
For both do teach a lesson great  
For every man in every state.  
Fair France has lived long in the light,  
She now is passing into night,  
But when her soul is purified  
A nation strong she will abide.

(He goes out.)

Act I. Scene 5.

(A room in the palace of the Tuileries, Paris.  
Enter two Jacobins.)

First Jacobin.

I think this palace is the place  
Where Louis brings to France disgrace,  
And I do think that such a king  
To justice we should quickly bring,  
For I have heard it said to-day  
That he has papers hid away,  
And if so they will truly be  
Against the voice of "Liberte,"  
And they will mock "Egalite,"  
And disregard "Fraternite."  
I think the guillotine is near,  
And he before it should appear.



Second Jacobin.

The day of judgment now is here,  
The gloomy guillotine is near,  
Now let us search this very room,  
And take away from France the gloom  
That hovers like a darkened cloud  
And wraps her glory in a shroud.

(He looks around.)

What have we here in this dark wall?  
A safe, a safe, but that's not all,  
Some letters from the Emigrants.  
This means the Court no mercy grants.

(They both go out.)

Act I. Scene 6. A room in Paris. The  
National Convention. Enter St. Just, Deseze,  
Robespierre, Tronchet, Malesherbes, and King  
Louis XVI.)

Robespierre,

My Friends, My Countrymen, My Peers,  
This is a day of flowing tears,  
The shadow falls on castle walls  
And on the king's white marble halls,  
But sunshine on the cottage plays—  
This is a sign of better days.  
We all look back to former days  
When great kings ruled in goodly ways,  
But now we see a king's great power  
Can bring great ruin in an hour.  
When kingdoms fall and people wake  
Fair Freedom o'er the world will break.  
The king has friends who wish him well,  
And through the kingdom loudly tell  
The virtues of his private life,

The kindness of Marie his wife;  
But private virtues disappear,  
And public vices grow each year.  
So when Ambition rules the day  
The people cannot have fair play,  
The monarchy will always be  
The guillotine of Liberty.  
Let justice overtake the king.  
And let the Bells of Freedom ring.

St. Just,

I come not here to estimate  
The value of the king's estate,  
Nor do I wish to cause a tear  
To trickle down a cheek that's here,  
For he is not a man who tries  
To win his case through weeping eyes.  
He lives the most who does his best  
To bring to all Fair Freedom's rest.  
I speak to-day because I feel  
The spirit wounds will never heal  
As long as Monarchy remains  
And holds the people slaves in chains.  
I will not speak against the king  
Lest to his friends I sorrow bring,  
I will not sing a hymn of hate  
To bring on France a frightful fate,  
But I do think that Louis here—  
A noble man—should disappear  
From council-chambers of the State  
Because his presence genders hate.  
I do not love King Louis less  
But I love France more in distress.

Malesherbes,

The greatest power I know is Love

That falls on earth from Heaven above,  
'Tis strong as Death and lingers long,  
And comes to man when sorrows throng,  
'Tis like the Ocean broad and deep  
That secrets great will always keep.  
Though rolling, angry waves display  
The terror of the Ocean's way  
A million lives of every form  
Contentment know beneath the storm.  
The waves of Anarchy may roll  
Above our great king's troubled soul,  
But love is deep and love will bring  
Contentment to this worthy king.  
In days when Louis was in power,  
Before this dreadful, evil hour,  
I twice was called in matters great  
To council-tables of the State.  
'Twas then an honor greatly sought,  
'Twas then Ambition's chiefest thought;  
So love to-day cannot repay  
The kindness of a former day.  
He never is a friend indeed  
Who never helps a friend in need,  
He never helps the State at all  
Who only helps when honors fall.  
I gladly will my king defend,  
Although my course in blood may end,  
For gratitude like goodly love  
Is honored by the King above,  
And like the incense will arise  
To golden courts of Paradise.  
But there is not a thing to say  
Against the noble king to-day,  
Save this, and only this: He loved us all

And tried to help both great and small.  
If this be mean, will you just tell  
When is a man now doing well?  
We live in deeds and not in years,  
In goodly hopes and not in fears.  
Judged by this standard Louis lives  
And to the world great honor gives.  
Ah! I remember well the day  
That Louis rode along the way,  
And mobs called out in voices shrill,  
"The guillotine! The king we'll kill,"  
And Louis asked a soldier then,  
"If I ride on will I kill men?"  
"It may be so," the soldier sighed.  
"Back to the Tuileries I'll ride,"  
The king replied without a fear.  
Was this ambitious? Nobles, hear.

Deseze.

Ambition for a selfish end  
Will on a nation ruin send,  
Ambition for the public weal  
Will a great nation wounded heal.  
When Louis came into this hall  
He came a patriot, that's all.  
His life may be a narrow span,  
But this I know—he is a man.  
No sacrifice for him is great  
If he can help thereby the State.

Robespierre.

Then let him sacrifice his life  
And end at once this bloody strife.  
Vain sentiment though mixed with tears  
Will not remove a nation's fears,



And wrong will never be made right  
By great Ambition's cruel might.  
When Louis Capot meets his God  
Fair France will know no more the rod.

Tronchet.

The flower that in the Summer grows  
Is killed by Autumn's frost and snows,  
The sweetest flower of Liberty  
Will die by blasts of Anarchy.  
When you condemn the king, my Peers,  
You welcome long and bitter years  
Of strife and blood and hate and wrong  
And vice that will our country throng.

Malesherbes. (Looks up.)

O Lord, our God, to whom we pray,  
Take thou in charge our case this day,  
We know not what the end may be,  
But we trust everything to thee,  
Thou dost rule nations as of old,  
And out of dross thou dost bring gold.

Act I, Scene 7.

(A Room in Paris. Enter Edgeworth the king's spiritual adviser, the King, Marie Antoinette his wife, his sister Elizabeth, and his two children.)

Louis. (Alone.)

This is the end of my day dreams,  
On me the sun no longer beams.  
I feel the night is drawing near.  
But I can meet it without fear,  
I have not lived a misspent life—  
A friend of every kind of strife—  
For I have honor loved and tried



To do good deeds before I died.  
'Tis sweet to feel when death is near  
That I may see my loved ones dear,  
Yet I regret that I must part  
From those I love with all my heart.  
I look away to future years  
Beyond this world of flowing tears  
To regions of the setting sun,  
And hope to hear from God, "Well done."  
(Enter Edgeworth.)

Louis.

I'm glad you've come—that can I tell.  
The Book you've brought and that is well.  
He is my friend who that Book lives  
And of its precepts freely gives.  
(Enter Marie Antoinette.)

Marie. (To Louis.)

A woman's heart and life to-day  
Are broken by this cruel way.  
When men of power no mercy show  
The State to ruin soon will go.  
I will not talk against our fate—  
Such talk is useless, full of hate.  
There's one thing that I know will be  
A lasting comfort unto me.  
Vile men have taken now thy crown  
And robbed thee of thy great renown,  
But they cannot despoil thy fame  
Or take from thee thy goodly name.  
Soon will thy form rest 'neath the sod,  
Thy soul will live secure with God,  
Thy good name will a treasure be  
Sealed in the chest of Memory.

Louis.

A man may travel in the day,  
And friends may cheer him on his way,  
And birds may sing a hymn of praise  
To Him who always guides their ways,  
And meadows green may all proclaim  
The greatness of their Maker's name,  
And flowers may spread their beauty  
round

In dappled splendors on the ground,  
But he who journeys in the night  
No stranger is to fearful fright.  
The faded glories of the day  
Drive hope and courage far away.  
A man may travel in the day  
And with his friends be glad and gay;  
But when he travels in the night  
He walks alone without delight,  
I'm walking through a darkened dell,  
The night is here I cannot tell,  
Alas! how soon my life will end,  
But in this hour I crave a friend,  
Though sad, one journey I must end  
Alone without a human friend,  
And just before me now I see  
That journey to eternity.  
Farewell to thee, my dear, my dove,  
We'll meet again in Heaven above,

I grieve to leave you all, you know,  
But I am not afraid to go,  
Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,  
God bless thy life, grieve not for me.  
(Louis goes out.)

Act I.      Scene 8.

[A Street of Paris.      The Place of the Guillotine. Enter Malesherbes, looking around.]

Malesherbes.

He was the noblest man in France,  
Who tried her glory to advance,  
And like the Man of Galilee  
He struggled hard to set men free,  
And history will some day tell  
He struggled hard and fought so well.  
Was he ambitious? Not at all,  
He loved his country, that is all.  
He was not weak as some suppose,  
A mad hot wind can wilt a rose.  
(He goes out.)



Act II.      Scene 1.

A French Army Camp Outside Teulon. Enter Napoleon and Officers.)

Napoleon.

The Day of Opportunity

Is drawing very near to me.  
(Last night I had a wretched dream.  
I saw sad faces with no gleam  
Of hope, no golden sunshine there,  
And nothing but a mad despair,  
And I saw people soldiers bear  
Across a field. I heard the prayer  
Of dying soldiers. O my God!  
I would prefer the cold, cold sod,  
And as the days of life unroll  
I'll softly go with bitter soul.  
We're living in an awful time-  
To live at all is all sublime-  
When wretchedness in every form  
Gives warning of the bursting storm  
That will sweep o'er the weeping world  
And kings from thrones will then be  
hurled.)  
This is enough of sentiment.  
I've said enough--I am content.  
I think that I can truly be  
The people's guide to victory.

First Officer. (To Napoleon.)

Your leadership is safe, my friend,  
This hateful terror soon will end.  
The ideals that you have are high,  
And you will never pass them by,  
But high ideals must always be

From low ambition wholly free.  
Second Officer.

Forgetting self will always be  
The sign of Immortality.

Napoleon.

I see a new star in the sky,  
And no one fears it more than I.  
What will that star bring unto me?  
It is the Star of Destiny.

First Officer.

Now if you play a noble game  
And do not play for fleeting fame  
That Star will bring you honor great,  
You'll be a noble child of Fate,  
But if you heed Ambition's call  
Your Star will from the heavens fall,  
And in the stead of worthy name,  
You'll have, poor soul, immortal shame.

Napoleon.

Forgetting self, I'll serve the State,  
I cannot tempt a cruel fate.

(They All Go Out.)

Act II.

Scene 2.

[A Street of Savona. Enter Napoleon and  
Marshal Ney.]

Napoleon.

Carnot in haste has chosen me  
To lead our troops to Italy



And he knows well no force can stand  
Against our good and noble band.  
The day of suffering is near,  
The day of sacrifice is here.  
When duty calls me far away  
I must forget my wedding day,  
But when great victory I've seen  
I'll soon return to Josephine.  
Man's heart is one great battlefield,  
And of two forces one must yield;  
Ambition public makes attack,  
And private duty then fights back.  
The world looks on in wonder great  
To see the struggle terminate.  
The happiness of earth depends  
On how that mortal conflict ends.  
I do not know what years will tell,  
I only hope that I fight well

Ney.

The man who drinks Ambition's cup  
Soon owns a soul all shrivelled up,  
But he who drinks the cup of Love  
Drinks always Nectar from above,  
And then his soul redeemed will rise  
To realms of bliss in Paradise.

Napoleon.

Your words are foolishness unto me,  
For I'm The Man of Destiny.  
I do not wish you to repeat  
A sermon of the Judgment Seat.

I came not here to hear such stuff,  
Of piety I've had enough.  
My business is to play the game,  
And then I'll win a lasting fame.  
(Enter a Regiment of French Soldiers.)  
Napoleon.

Soldiers of France, I come to you  
And ask that you be strong and true,  
Your native country loves you well,  
As future days will surely tell,  
Away from home, half starved, and sad,  
Experience will make you glad,  
For just before me now I see  
The shining shores of Italy,  
To fertile valleys I will lead,  
To cities flourishing indeed,  
If you will always courage keep  
You'll honor, glory, riches reap.  
The challenge unto us is hurled,  
We'll win the homage of the world.  
Ney. (Aside )

Now let it work--I love him well--  
What he will do no man can tell.  
I truly hope that future years  
Will not be marred by flowing tears.

(They All Go Out.)

Act II.      Scene 3.

[The Palace of Malmaison, at Versailles.      Enter Napoleon and Josephine.]

Josephine. (Alone.)

This is the home of childish days,  
And worthy of my greatest praise,  
For here the first great vision came--  
The glory of a spotless name--  
And since I saw that vision bright  
I've never walked in darkest night,  
But struggled upward in the day  
To find the best and noblest way,  
'Twas here that I forgot my plays,  
'Twas here I learned Life's sterner ways,  
'Twas here I saw the cooing dove  
That made me think of noble love,  
'Twas here I spent the twilight hours  
With him among the fragrant flowers,  
(Those flowers that would a message  
give  
And help us all to nobly live.)  
'Twas here I gave to him my heart.  
"For thee I'll play a noble part,"  
Said he, then wandered far away  
And left me in the night, not day.  
Alone I've gone in twilight hours  
To shed my tears among the flowers,  
And they have always said to me,  
"He ever will be true to thee."  
Now I believe that flowers will live  
And to all ages strength will give  
To bear the burdens that befall  
The young, the old, the great, the small.

Fond Mother loves her infant dear,  
And happy flowers are smiling near.  
The blushing maiden likes to see  
The flowers he sent "With love to thee,"  
The bride in glad array does say,  
"These flowers make glad my wedding  
day."

When silence comes to some sad room  
The smiling flowers dispell the gloom,  
And when there is the pallid face,  
And man has run his life-long race--  
In halls of death throughout the years  
Kind flowers have sought to dry the  
tears.

I think that God sent from above  
His kindest greetings--flowers of love.  
But I am sad, I cannot sing,  
I wish some Fate would sweetness bring,  
Although he may be far away  
My heart is near him now to-day.  
I'd like to go in moonlit hours  
And hear his love among the flowers.  
What is that stately step I hear?  
I wonder if he now is near!

(Enter Napoleon.)

Napoleon.

I came from Schonbrunn yesterday,  
And to this garden made my way,  
Because I wished to see once more  
My sweetheart in the days of yore.

Josephine.

These many days I've watched in vain  
To see your noble face again,  
I've wandered to the garden here  
To be alone in grief and fear;  
But I'll forget this agony  
Because I am to-night with thee.

Napoleon.

I've come to-night that I may see  
The one who was so dear to me.

Josephine.

I love you still wheree'r you go,  
Do you love me? Say "Yes" or "No."

Napoleon.

I love you, too, with all my heart,  
I've tried to play a noble part,  
I've fought for you, I've fought for  
France,  
I've seen her mighty hosts advance,  
Who fights for country I can tell  
For home is also fighting well.  
The hero of the war will be  
The hero of the home, you see.  
The world admires the man who falls  
On battlefield when duty calls,--  
This is a pleasing thought to me.  
Such death brings Immortality.

Josephine.

I walked across a field one day  
To see an oak not far away,



And near that sturdy oak I found  
A tree uprooted on the ground.  
A storm had passed along the way  
And felled the slender tree one day  
Because its roots were peeping round  
Too near the surface of the ground.  
That slender, fallen, ruined tree  
A warning silent gave to me  
Of clinging to a fleeting love  
That does not come from Heaven above.  
The oak will lift its mighty form  
And bid defiance to the storm,  
Because its roots are clinging so  
To earth as they down deeper go.  
The Storm of Life is passing now,  
And to some fate you soon must bow,  
But if Love's soil now holds you tight  
The storm may rage with all its might,  
And you will know nobility,  
And be a lover true to me,  
The world will then your praises sing,  
And you will truly be a king.

Napoleon.

Love speaks a language strong and  
strange  
That is beyond all human range,  
A language oft misunderstood,  
A language that is always good,  
A language that at length will rise  
Through cloudy mists to Paradise.

Now who will say the mother hates  
Who gives not her who suplicates,  
Or who will count her always wise  
Who gives her gifts for weeping eyes?  
So judge me not, O Josephine,  
Because my face you have not seen  
In many months. Let not your tears  
Mist o'er the sunbeams of the years.

Josephine.

A woman's love remains the same,  
She does not care for fleeting fame.  
I'd rather see your face at home  
Than hear of victory in Rome.

(Aside.) O Destiny, O Destiny!

Wilt thou take happiness from me?

Napoleon. (Aside.)

There's not a word that I can say  
To drive her tears of love away,  
And I love her and she loves me--  
The trouble is my Destiny.  
So I must tell her why I came--  
Ambition seeks for me a name.

(To Josephine.)

'Tis hard for me to tell you so,  
But I must from your presence go  
And cast my lot in some strange land.  
My Destiny and France demand.  
If I an heir had ever seen  
I would not leave you, Josephine.

(He goes out.)

Josephine. (Alone.)

His Star is set, his course is run,  
He's facing toward the setting sun,  
No man can bring the world great good  
Who scorns the rights of womanhood  
(She goes out.)

Act II.      Scene 4.

[A Room of the Capitol Building, in Washington, D. C., U. S. A. Enter Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe.]

Jefferson.

I'm much distressed o'er news I hear,  
I fear that trouble lingers near,  
When crafty Spain her land will give  
To bloody France no man can live  
A freeman's life in our own land,  
For I see Mars with bloody hand.  
When Louisiana goes to France  
I see our warlike hosts advance,  
And in that strife we'll soon forget  
Our ancient friend and Lafayette.

Monroe.

'Till France and Spain their plottings  
cease  
America will have no peace,  
We cannot see Napoleon  
Destroy the hopes that George has  
won.

Jefferson.

I've heard the angry billows roar

As they leaped o'er Virginia's shore,  
I've seen the dashing spray mount high  
As if to reach the vaulted sky,  
But these are children just at play  
Compared to rough Ambition's way.  
It frets and foams and leaps about,  
And frowning tries the world to rout,  
Ambition will not always win  
Because it oft is mixed with sin.  
A prophet I claim not to be,  
But one thing I can plainly see,  
America one day will be  
The synonym of Liberty,  
Ambition then will cry in chains,  
And Peace will sing in happy strains,  
O'er earth a melody will rise,  
"This is a second Paradise."

Monroe.

What is your wish for us to do  
To make your worthy dream come  
true?  
Our land will act the noble part  
'Gainst any scheming Bonaparte.

Jefferson.

Upon the Ocean set your sail,  
Defying every storm and gale,  
And bring the right from over there  
Unto Louisiana fair.

(They go out.)

Act II.            Scene 5.

[On the Plains Near Waterloo, Belgium.    Enter Napoleon, Marshal Ney, and Marshal Grouchy.]

Napoleon. (To the French Soldiers.)

Soldiers of France, I speak to you,  
To your own country now be true,  
Forget that Moscow was aflame,  
Forget to think of Elba's name,  
Fight for your country and your sires.  
Fight for your hearthstones and your  
    fires,  
Forget the darkness of the night,  
Forget all else but fight and fight.  
The Empire quakes in this tense hour  
Before Allies of mighty power,  
But we can fight a noble fight  
And win because we have the right.

Soldiers. (In Unison.)

With Austerlitz came glory, too,  
And glory comes with Waterloo.

Napoleon.

To arms, to arms, Fox Blucher comes,  
I hear the beating of the drums.

(Aside.)

But I must win the battle great  
'Gainst Wellington and cruel Fate.  
But-should-I-lose-Ambition then  
Would fall and never rise again.  
From Toulon on to Waterloo



I've loved the Red and White and Blue.  
My Star is shining at this hour,  
And it will lead me unto power.  
(To Ney.)

I'll meet the Prussians in the fight,  
And you put Wellington to flight,  
Let Blucher not meet Wellington,  
(And so the victory is won.)

Marshal Grouchy,

The Little Corporal will be  
Indeed the Man of Destiny.  
(They all go out.)

## Act II.      Scene 6.

[A Hill Near Waterloo.      A Storm.      Enter  
Napoleon and Marshal Ney.]

Napoleon.

Let rain descend on hill or plain.  
I will not fight to-day in vain.  
They say the Lord will turn the tide  
For him who fights on Honor's side:  
But I believe the man will win-  
However great may be his sin-  
Who leads the biggest army, then,  
Of brave, heroic fighting men.  
I stand upon a precipice,  
And look down at the dark abyss.  
If I win Waterloo I rise

To dizzy heights in human eyes.  
If I lose Waterloo I fall  
On rocks of failure-that is all.  
(I almost wish that I could be,  
O Josephine, to-day with thee.)  
Ambition is a bubble thin  
Made beautiful by tints within,  
But piercing Fates of passing years  
Destroy, and beauty disappears.  
There's nothing left but memory,  
And that may melancholy be.  
There's nothing then to calm the soul  
As ever on the ages roll.  
(I must not deal in sentiment,  
If I win war I am content.)

(To Ney.)

Lead on the Guard Imperial  
And break the British stubborn will,  
Cease not till Wellington gives up  
And drinks Defeat's most bitter cup,  
And then our noble France will be  
The mistress of the land and sea.  
(Enter General Cambronne.)

Cambronne.

The Guard may die, it ne'er gives up,  
Of honor will it drink the cup.

Napoleon. [On seeing the fierce conflict on the  
height of Monte Sainte Jean.]

What is that now before my eyes?  
They rise, they rise, like demons rise

To fight against a sturdy Fate  
And spill their blood in cruel hate.  
But look, I see my Guard advance.  
They'll beat back Wellington for  
France.

Alas! I see them reel and fall.  
I am undone, and lost is all.  
O what a fall is here to-day,  
When Glory fades from me away!  
Ambition's ruin I've now seen,  
I am alone-no Josephine  
To speak to me in garden rare  
And keep me from some sad despair.  
From dreary thoughts of dark dismay  
The rainbow has a charming way  
Of bringing joy to man's sad heart  
And makes him play a noble part;  
So woman with her words of love  
Brings Heaven down from heights  
above  
To change Life's mists of gray dismay  
To rainbows of eternal day.  
Fair women I have often seen,  
But none like thee, O Josephine.

Act II.

Scene 7.

[A Cottage on the Island of St. Helena. Enter  
Napoleon, General Bertrand, Montholon, and

Sir Hudson Lowe.]

Napoleon.

This rocky isle will be my home,  
I'll never see another dome  
Of all the buildings of my France,  
But such is life and such is chance,  
And like Prometheus I am bound,  
I cannot hear a singly sound  
Except the sea-gulls near the shore,  
Except the angry billows' roar.  
No friend is here to cheer me on - -  
No friend like her of Malmaison.  
My loneliness will always be  
A sad reminder unto me  
Of that one day in which I said,  
"To you, Ambition, I am wed,"  
But now my race is nearly run,  
And not a victory I've won  
That's worthy of a man of fame  
To bring to me a lasting name;  
And for Napoleon I've fought,  
And Immortality I've sought,  
But all my efforts have been vain,  
And on my life I've brought a stain.  
The man who lives for self alone  
Will for his folly soon atone.  
Because this always was my way  
I'm on this island now to stay  
Without a thought to cheer my soul.  
As ever onward ages roll.

One day is like an age to me  
Once called "The Man of Destiny."

Sir Hudson Lowe, (To Napoleon.)

There's nothing left for you to do  
Than worry now your whole life  
through,  
You've sown the seed of human woe,  
And from that seed a crop will grow  
To bring to you no wheat at all,  
But worthless chaff and that is all.  
You cannot hope to win fair play--  
You sowed it not in former day.  
The noblest man for others lives,  
And pity wins, for pity gives.  
The world looked on and saw your  
power--  
You spurned it in an evil hour.  
Ambition false led you astray,  
And now you live in dark dismay.  
You cared not for the cries of pain,  
Nor yet the victims you have slain;  
Ambition urged you to a goal,  
And now you have a wretched soul.  
Ambition to do good is right,  
It brings no harm, it brings no blight,  
It makes a man to Heaven look up,  
It gives to him the sweetest sup  
That any man can take--the cup  
Of Joy--he only needs a sup,  
He then can not his pleasure hide,



But will call out, "I'm satisfied."

(Enter General Bertrand.)

Bertrand. (To Napoleon.)

I come to wish you well, my friend,  
May some kind Fate you blessings send.

He's not a friend of man who gives  
Harsh words to any man who lives;  
And so to you I come to-day,

And as a friend to you I say,  
"There is an empire better far

Than any empire won by Star:

It has a beauty all untold,

It has a wealth as pure as gold.

'Tis not an empire won by power

That may decay in one sad hour;

It is an empire won by Love,

Whose emblem is the pure white dove.

Its Founder lived in Galilee

And taught the people by the sea.

The Babe of Bethlehem became

The Man who bore an honored name,

And taught the world that war must  
cease,

For He was truly "Prince of Peace."

Napoleon.

This worthless isle is Patmos true,

Since I have come from Waterloo.

As John was brought to solemn thought,

To solemn thought I have been brought.

Who ruled the world in days of old?

Great men of might and leaders bold.  
Where are their empires now, I say?  
They've faded like the mists away.  
Great Caesar ruled by mighty power  
That fell to ruin in an hour,  
When Pompey's statue did proclaim  
The end of Caesar's growing fame,  
And no one said in loud acclaim,  
"I'll fight for Caesar's honored name;"  
But Christ by Love a kingdom won--  
See what that mighty Love has done:  
There's not a man to fight for me,  
But millions fight for Christ, I see.  
Who wins by Force will learn to weep,  
Who wins by Love will honor keep;  
And some day this old world will be  
A kingdom ruled by Galilee,  
And war and hatred then will cease  
And there will be the reign of Peace.

Act II. Scene 8.

[The Farm House of Longwood, about three miles from Jamestown, on the Island of St. Helena. Napoleon present. Enter Montholon and LasCases.]

Montholon (To Napoleon.)

The Little Corporal to-day  
Is well, I hope, this fifth of May.  
I've come to bring some comfort here--  
A bunch of flowers so sweet and dear.

The thought I wish to give to you  
Is best made known by flowers of blue.  
This fragrant sanctuary shows  
That admiration for you grows.

Napoleon (Reclining on Couch.)

The man of genius with no heart  
Has lost of life the better part.  
He wins the noblest crown of all  
Who lives for others great and small,  
Who ne'er can see the setting sun  
And not call out "Some good I've done."  
I feel that Time is slipping by;  
A Man of Wretchedness am I,  
Ambition false has ruled my life  
And brought to me an inward strife.  
The struggles of my soul should cease,  
Instead of war I should have peace.

Las Cases. (To Napoleon.)

Be calm until Life's journey ends,  
For still you have a host of friends.  
He wins a prize who wins a friend,  
And keeps that friend unto the end.  
The prizes of the world are dear,  
There's nothing like true friendship  
here.

Napoleon.

I think the day is growing dark,  
I hear the twitter of the Lark;  
Its music falls upon the air  
As twilight notes of sweetest prayer.

And when those prayerlike tones do  
cease

The singer then will rest in peace.

My Day of Life is nearly done,

I see the golden setting sun;

The world now full of brightness seems,

Let me lie down to sweetest dreams.

I know I cannot linger long

In this old world of tears and song.

Before I bid the world "Good-bye"

I'll tell you where I wish to lie.

I've seen enough of war and strife,

I've known enough of stirring life,

I've heard the winds that fiercely blow,

I've seen the waters ebb and flow,

I've seen gay cities full of woe,

I've seen the country all aglow

With perfumed splendors as they grow

Along the highways row on row.

So take me to some quiet spot

Where grows the sweet Forget-Me-Not,

Where trees lift up their heads on high

As if to pierce the vaulted sky,

Where birds sing love-notes in the trees,

Where roses courtsey in the breeze,

Where chatt'ring squirrels their music

make

And from the oaks the acorns take.

Beneath the oaks then let me lie

When I have told the world "Good-bye."

I think I'll close my eyes in sleep  
If you will o'er me vigil keep.

Montholon. (To Napoleon.)

My Friend, you need not have a fear,  
For we shall linger with you here.

(Aside.) I fear that he has gone to sleep,  
It is the time for friends to weep;  
But list, I hear his voice once more,  
As clear as in the days of yore.

Napoleon. (In Delirium.)

O France, I've always fought for thee,  
Thou hast a holy destiny,  
I've crossed the mountains for thy name.  
And thou hast won a lasting fame.  
Where's that white horse I used to ride  
Far up the rugged mountain-side?  
The Jordan is so near to me,  
I'm crossing now the stormy sea;  
In this tense time there cannot be  
A friend like Christ of Galilee;  
I care not for this world so cold;  
I only want to see the streets of gold  
That glitter with a glory all unknown  
Because Christ did for sin atone.  
What if the thunder-clouds do roar  
Above this rugged, rocky shore-  
An allegory of my life,  
Acquainted with all human strife-  
It's nothing to Gethsemane  
Or yet to bloody Calvary.



The blood I spilled brought misery;  
The blood He shed brings liberty.  
Just give me now this liberty,  
It is the greatest boon to me.  
Let me think o'er my life to-day  
Before my soul just flees away.  
Ah! I remember well the day  
That Austerlitz became my prey,  
When Waggram saw my power and  
    might--  
It was indeed a bloody sight.  
I honor France in all her ways,  
Her ancient sword still mighty slays.  
O'er Egypt's sands, o'er Alpine snows.  
O'er lands through which the Danube  
    flows  
I've led the noble men of France  
To battle with both foe and Chance;  
And then to Moscow I would go-  
(Alas! Those awful drifts of snow!)  
The last great battle I have fought.  
And to this end I have been brought:  
But Waterloo, O Waterloo  
I lost, And head of army, too.

Las Cases.

His dream of empire now is o'er,  
He's reached at length the other shore,  
He fought for France and he fought  
    well;  
What he has done let ages tell.



Act III.      Scene 1.

[A later date.    A room in the Prussian Diet House.    Enter Prince Otto Von Bismark.]

Bismark.

I'm living in a world of dreams--  
A world that is not what it seems.  
Sweet daisies bloom in fields of green  
In which coiled vipers lie unseen;  
And "Failure" is the viper keen  
That strikes the victim dead unseen.  
Success is like the plant that lives  
And to the world its fragrance gives.  
To try, to fail, to try again,  
To try at all is not in vain.  
Do not disturb me in my dream:  
To you great folly it may seem,  
But listen and I'll tell it you,  
Then wait and it will all come true.  
When it comes true then there will be  
A strong, united Germany.  
Young David said to old King Saul,  
"This armor I can't use at all,  
It would a fighting man make glad,  
It is too large for shepherd lad."

Had David fought for Saul that day  
Dressed up in some proud knight's array  
He would have lost that bloody fight--  
A victim of Goliath's might.  
The man who wins in any fight  
Must wear the armor that fits right.  
I think that the world mastery  
Belongs by right to Germany:  
But she must play a master's part  
By playing well the fighter's part.  
The world some day will see a sight  
To indicate great Prussia's might.  
And we all look to her for power  
Not liberalism in this hour.  
Let Baden, Wurttemberg narrate  
The greatness of the liberal state;  
Let Prussia play a nobler role,  
And so inspire the nation's soul.  
The Congress of Vienna gave  
A boundary that she must save;  
And she must win more lands some day  
By treaty or some other way.  
A mighty problem she must face  
To glorify the Teuton's race.  
I know that blood and iron will be  
The price of Prussia's destiny.

[Enter Von Ludwick.]

Von Ludwick.

When Bismark's dream comes true a  
flood

Of war will drench our land with blood,  
And sacrifices men will make,  
And Mars an awful toll will take.  
You cannot hope to save the State  
By teaching men to war and hate.  
As long as patriots rule the land  
The kingdom will in honor stand.

Bismark.

Who is a patriot, now tell?  
He is the man who fights so well  
That every foe will fear the day  
When he sets forth in War's array.

Von Ludwick.

There are three things that I know well  
By which you can a patriot tell:-  
A patriot will always give  
The best he has that men may live  
In fellowship with Happiness  
Away from sight of Wretchedness;  
A patriot will always fight  
For Truth, and Honor, Justice, Right.  
He may not see War's awful flood--  
A sea of fiery human blood--  
But he will know a mortal strife  
Among the scenes of civic life;  
And he will always strive to see  
His country's noble destiny.  
A patriot will always feel  
A Force above the flashing steel,  
And he will know a mighty rod

Is wielded by the hand of God,  
For godliness will always be  
A patriotic sign to me:  
So he lives twice who honor knows  
And in that honor daily grows.  
He is the noblest man of all  
Who knows that God reigns over all.  
We cannot make an empire great  
Forgetting Him who rules the State  
And holds the nation in his hand  
To carry to some "Promised Land."

Bismark.

I think a man can learn to be  
A maker of his destiny.  
'Tis work and work and work all day;  
That is the best and wisest way,  
Let Shakespeare say "Divinity,"  
'Tis blood and iron that strengthen me.

Von Ludwick.

A virtue sometimes pressed too far  
The glory of a State will mar.  
I've seen fond parents spoil the child  
By being harsh instead of mild,  
I've seen some parents pity show  
Instead of using one "Love Blow."  
The parent who no pity gives  
Will spoil the sweetest child that lives,  
The parent who no firmness shows  
No blessing on his child bestows.  
Firmness or pity pressed too far



Will always childhood's beauty mar;  
And so it is with iron and blood--  
They mean great strength that like a  
flood

Sweeps o'er the land in one sad hour  
And leaves behind mute signs of power--  
So if you press these virtues far  
You'll spoil the State, its beauty mar.

[Enter a child who causes a disturbance when  
she speaks.]

Child.

I could not find my dolls to-day;  
Tell me who took them all away.  
These dolls are all so dear to me,  
I wonder where they all can be.  
I speak to them, they speak to me:  
They make me think of life, you see.  
And if my dolls I never find  
I think I'll surely lose my mind.  
They are my life, they are my all,  
I love them dearly great and small.  
Who takes my dolls in childish years  
Will fill my childish eyes with tears

Karl Waeger.

I think we should a lesson learn,  
And not the rights of children spurn--  
The rights descending from the skies,  
Right from the throne in Paradise--  
For God who made the pansies grow  
In sheltered places row on row

Looks down and sees a garden fair--  
A sheltered spot of beauty rare,  
In which the sweetest flower that grows,  
More charming than the stately rose  
Proclaims its glory day by day  
To those who pass along the way.  
This garden is the sacred home  
More glorious than ancient Rome,  
Where splendor showed the whole day  
long  
And Erato sang well her song.  
Now who will tend this garden fair,  
And watch the growing flowers there?  
The Framers of all destiny  
Will the great Overseer be.  
And parents then must do their part  
To give these plants a proper start.  
These plants cannot their beauty show  
Unless they've early learned to grow.  
Who waters plant with sacrifice  
Will see the glory of its rise;  
Who sets the plant with Love's strong  
spade  
Will never see its beauty fade:  
So in this garden let this flower  
Bloom on watched o'er by Love's great  
power.  
You cannot make a noble State  
If you forget the children's fate,  
Or fill their eyes with swelling tears--

You can't-not in a thousand years.  
Now list, I'll tell you what I know:  
Let Germany in honor grow,  
And let her play a noble part  
In Science, Literature, and Art,  
Let her ambitions quickly cease,  
And let her be a land of peace,  
And let her never bring a blight  
By marring childhood's noble right,  
And let her nobly hold her place  
By keeping free from all disgrace.

Bismark.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa tall  
Some day to earth will take a fall-  
A wretched heap. O what a sight!  
For its foundation is not right.  
And what foundation has our State?  
Give heed to me and I'll narrate.  
There can no greatness ever be  
As long as there be jealousy  
Among the sections of the land  
To rule the State with mighty hand.  
Now Time has taught us lessons great  
Of how to make or mar a State.  
Old Greece a country great and proud  
Was forced to wear a nation's shroud,  
Although she fought right on and on  
And won the day at Marathon.  
Now Sparta was a noble town,  
And well deserved her rich renown;

And Corinth lived in proud array  
Before the people of her day;  
And Athens surely did her part  
In building up the Grecian art:  
Yet Sparta, Corinth, Athens-all-  
Assisted in their country's fall,  
Because they knew no central State  
But left great Greece unto her fate.  
The thing to give our land great  
power

Is unity this very hour;  
And we shall win the upper hand  
When we call out, "OUR Fatherland."  
Disgrace you say, I say disgrace  
When men forget the Touton race.  
A common enemy some day  
May nearly take our land away,  
Because we feel great jealousy  
And do not live in unity;  
But war and war and war I hate,  
Yet it may come to build the State.

Von Ludwick.

Let such ambition quickly cease;  
I am for conquests won by Peace.  
Our land must do the best she can  
Respecting all the rights of man.  
Let her despise the thing that's wrong,  
Let her respect the hearth's sweet song,  
Let her heed well the baby's cry,  
Let her neglect no aged sigh.

One day as I was walking out  
I heard far off some children shout,  
I turned and saw a cottage fair--  
In front of this a great armed chair,  
And there a pilgrim sat that day  
As if to while the hours away:  
And as I paused to chat with him  
His heart was full right to the brim.  
When seated in his chair that day  
The old man said in musing way:  
"For I am old and worn to-day,  
I see Life's picture of my way,  
I see the years I've traveled through.  
I see the happy friends I knew,  
I hear the laughter of my child--  
So good, so true, so loving, mild.  
I once was planning mighty schemes,  
But now I'm in the Land of Dreams.  
The land in which I live to-day  
From youth is very far away;  
They call it "Land of Setting Sun"  
Because my day is nearly done;  
And now great riches fill my mind,  
But thoughts of gold I've left behind.  
I think of days so full of joy--  
Those happy days without alloy.  
I'm thinking of that quiet way  
Where Ruth and I one Summer day  
Walked arm in arm as lovers do  
And vowed to live a life that's true.



I think of friends I used to love  
Who now are living just above.  
I know the store-house of the soul  
Is Memory though ages roll,  
O boyish joys I used to know,  
The places where I used to go,  
The growing hopes I used to feel  
That gripped my heart like bands of  
steel,  
The church I once did love so well--  
The good it did let ages tell--  
That told me of a mighty Friend.  
Contentment's joys will never end."  
So let the aged pilgrims be  
A sign of German liberty.  
No matter where those pilgrims roam  
Or where they call themselves "at home,"

Bismark. (Aloud.)

Now we must do the thing that's right.  
And that will show the world our  
might.

(Aside.) So let it be, so let it be,  
'Tis always blood and iron for me.

(They All Go Out.)

Act III.      Scene 2.

[A room in the Royal Palace, Paris, France.  
Enter Napoleon III and Count Benedetti the  
French Ambassadors to Berlin.]

Benedetti.

A crisis of the world is here,

A day of Fate is drawing near,  
"Under the Lindens" I could see  
The longing for "New Germany."  
Poor France must bleed again some day--  
That day is not so far away--  
For Bismark has a vision great,  
A vision of a growing State  
That will embrace the whole great earth  
Alas! In tears it will have birth,  
Unless the noble men of France  
Beat back the hordes as they advance:  
But France must let her Leader be  
The noble Man of Galilee.  
You cannot build a noble State  
By any Chance or fleeting Fate.  
The nation that forgets her God  
Must perish 'neath His scourging rod.  
Old France the Revolution saw  
When she forgot the mighty law  
That Moses brought from Sinai's peak  
To men or nations proud or meek.  
As long as Reason ruled the land  
Fair France's hopes were built on sand:  
But when she turned to Faith one day  
She saw indeed a golden ray.  
I look across the fields away,  
And see mad men in War's array--  
Led by Ambition proud and bold,  
And lust for power and lust for gold.  
(Aside.) Almighty God, let hatred cease,

Protect us all, Great Prince of Peace.  
Napoleon III.

I do not want to see the day  
When France gives up to Bismark's  
way.

The world would see an end of peace.  
And homely happiness would cease.

Alas! Poor France must always be  
The battlefield of Liberty.

Should Bismark win in his great scheme  
The world with Anarchy would teem,  
And mighty streams of human blood  
Would flow through France just like a  
flood.

(They All Go Out.)

Act III. Scene 3.

[A meeting place of the French Legislatif,  
Paris Enter Napoleon III, Count Benedetti the  
French Ambassador to Prussia, Marshal Bazaine,  
Marshal McMahan. Time July 15, 1870.]

Benedetti.

I sought the Prussian king in vain  
About the crisis now in Spain,  
Where Hohenzollern Leopold  
Has tried the Spanish crown to hold.  
King William said at Ems one day,  
"They cannot frighten us away,  
For we shall win in one glad hour  
A worthy name, a worldly power."  
When Hohenzollern rule is nigh

Fair Freedom is condemned to die.  
But in the cause of truth and right  
The stones of France will rise and  
fight.

Napoleon III.

He never wins a noble fight  
Who only uses human might;  
He always wins a worthy fight  
Who trusts the sword, "Eternal Right."  
We stand to-day on sacred ground:  
In memory we hear the sound  
Of clashing arms, and wonder why  
Our friends among the Poppies lie.  
So France, fair France must bleed again,  
But she will not now bleed in vain.  
Well! Let it be if it must be,  
God speaks for human liberty.  
Some day Seine glory will outshine  
The passing glory of the Rhine.

General Bazaine.

Come on, come on, I say to-day  
And let us sing the Marseilles,  
"Who takes the sword must die thereby."  
Let Bismark heed high Heaven's cry.  
When Desolation rends the air  
We'll hear the cry that foul is fair;  
So let us fight for human right  
Against such Autocratic might.

Marshal MacMahan.

The day is dark, the clouds are low,

This is to France an awful blow,  
But to this crisis she will rise  
And no one will her lot despise.  
Life's War may be a narrow span,  
But every Frenchman is a MAN.  
Who is a MAN? I'll estimate  
His mighty worth unto the State.  
He is a man who thinks that he  
Was born to learn nobility,  
Who struggles on and finds a way  
To see a rainbow every day,  
Who knows that Virtue has a place  
In every struggle of the race,  
Who tries to live the whole day long  
In that glad land of sweetest song,  
Who knows that Life is all sublime  
When guided by the Hand of Time,  
Who always feels that man is good--  
A member of Life's Brotherhood--  
Who does not judge his fellowman  
That tries to do the best he can,  
Who struggles upward day by day  
And tries to walk in God's own way.  
HE only can in honor be  
The worthy "Man of Destiny."  
With such a man in uniform  
Great France will fight the Prussian  
storm,  
And beat back William's haughty crowd  
That to Ambition now has bowed.



Napoleon III.

We now must bid our homes Good-bye--  
Not with regret or bitter sigh--  
And fight for France-what-if-we-die?  
It is so glorious to lie  
Where heroes fought a goodly fight  
For honor, justice, truth, and right.  
A wooden cross may mark my grave,  
Yet I will try my France to save.  
Come, let us hasten on our way.  
I'll go to war with you to-day.

(They All Go Out.)

Act III.      Scene 4.

[At the Manor of Schonhausen in the District  
of Magdeburg, Prussia. Enter Otto von Bis-  
mark and Jules Favre.]

Favre.

I pray the struggle soon may cease  
And we shall have a lasting peace,  
I pray that in a near-by day  
The Prince of Peace may have His way.  
Enough of War my France has had,  
Sedan has made her heart so sad.  
What is the price that France must pay  
To have the joy of peace to-day?

Bismark.

Our land has suffered much from France,  
We've never had an even chance  
Till now to wipe away war's stain.  
We ask of you Alsace-Lorraine.

Favre.

It cannot be, it cannot be,  
With such a gift goes Liberty.  
If France must fight, then she will fight,  
And show the world that Right is Might.

Bismark.

Some day the waiting world will see  
A great united Germany,  
And she will witness in that hour  
The Hoenzollern's greatest power.

(Aside.) This is a world of horrid dreams,  
A world of War's most cruel schemes.

(They Go Out.)

Act III.      Scene 5.

[The Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, in France,  
Jan. 18, 1871. Enter all the German Princes,  
Otto von Bismark, King William of Prussia.]

William I.

The title you have given me  
Of "Emperor of Germany"--  
From man this title I've not won,  
It came from God the Holy One.

Bismark.

For years I've dreamed but not in vain,  
In world dominion let him reign. (Point-  
ing to King William I.)

(They All Go Out.)

Act IV.                      Scene 1.

[In front of a farmer's cottage in a wooded dell of Colorado, U. S. A. From the home Mrs. Meeker can see the towering glory of Pike's Peak, the crystal river near by, the orchard, and the flowers in her garden. In the gleaming hours of a June day Mrs. Meeker sits in the doorway of her cottage singing to her baby boy.]

Mrs Meeker. (Sings.)

To Downy Land you soon will go,  
Sleep on, my child, my little Joe.  
Forget to-night your baby fears,  
And put away your little tears.  
The Lark has found her downy nest.  
After her work she is at rest,  
The sky of blue has turned to gray  
Because it is the close of day,  
The Columbine has bowed her head  
And gone to her wee trundle bed,  
The sun has told us all "Good-bye"  
And left the dappled, golden sky,  
The happy stream glides gently by  
And sings a twilight lullaby.  
Pike's Peak looks down from locks of  
snow  
To see the fields with glory glow.  
When Daddy oame out to the West  
He found the place that he loves best;  
Now rest till morn, my pretty boy,

My hope, my comfort, and my joy,  
To Downy Land you now will go,  
Sleep on, my darling little Joe.

(She puts her Joe to bed, and as she turns away says in a whisper, "I wonder what will be his future--how he will live and what he will do for his country." )

Act IV.                      Scene 2.

[A street in Serajevo, Bosnia, at a later date.  
Enter Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife,  
followed by a Serbian fanatic.]

Assasin. (Gavrio Prinship.)

There's nothing left for me to do  
Than pierce his wicked heart right  
through.

He loves his country and her laws  
He says. His words like eagle's claws  
Stick deep into her victim's side,  
And never can her nature hide.  
He is a wise and cunning bird  
Whose vileness Trainer William stirred.  
But I must not give way to fear  
Lest on the world I bring a tear,  
Beneath the sod this Duke must lie.  
To-day Duke Ferdinand must die.

(He fires the fatal shot.)

He's gone, I know not what may come,  
It may mean war, but let it come,  
Ambition must be overthrown,

And man must for his sins atone.

(He disappears in the crowd.)

Act IV.                      Scene 3.

[A Room in the Palace of Potsdam. Enter Emperor William II, Von Hindenburg, Von Bissing, and the Crown Prince.]

William II.

Bad news has come to me to-day  
That I must tell without delay,  
An Anarchist stretched forth his hand  
And slew our friend, Duke Ferdinand:  
So this foul deed will teach the State  
The meaning of "The Hymn of Hate;"  
But if a war be forced on me  
The world will hear of Germany.  
He is no friend of man who brings  
A cruel war with all its stings,  
He is a friend to his own land  
Who, when attacked, will stretch the  
    hand  
And seize the trusty, mighty sword  
And beat back the barbaric horde.  
You know that Austria will be  
The truest friend of Germany.  
We'll stand by her through thick and  
    thin,  
And fight the Serbs for their great sin.  
When Hohenzollern shows his might  
The world will marvel at the sight.



Von Hindenburg. (To William II.)

Whate'er you say to-day is right,  
The world will see a wondrous sight,  
Throughout the world the sword will  
stand

The glory of the Fatherland.

Von Bissing.

Whatever comes out of this deed  
I'll do my part to help in need,  
And in this crisis we shall see  
The spirit of New Germany.  
I'll serve the State in any cause,  
And I'll enforce her mighty laws.

The Crown Prince.

The wicked Serb, the wicked Serb,  
The peace of nations will disturb:  
But when a million men are dead  
The world will call me "Figurehead,"  
Eternal greatness of the State  
Will not be changed by hand of Fate.  
Tra la, tra la, tr la, tra le,  
I'm happy as a Lark can be.  
Now let me sing my happy tune  
In Paris or around Verdun.

(They All Go Out.)

Act IV.      Scene 4.

[Just before sunrise. A Street in Brussels.  
Enter Von Bissing and Soldiers.]

Von Bissing. (Holding a paper in his hand.)

This is the paper that will tell

The story of Edith Cavell,  
Who at the rising of the sun  
Will die for crimes that she has done.  
She was a traitor full of hate,  
Who richly merits her sad fate.  
These traitors have no right to life,  
For they are always stirring strife,  
And making Belgians hate our laws.  
(They are as fierce as eagle's claws.)  
Let every traitor learn to be  
Obedient to Germany.

First Officer.

No pity give to such as she,  
Who do defy strong Germany.  
Who mocks the Hohenzollern crown  
Will bring the wrath of Heaven down.  
When all these fiends are 'neath the sod  
The world will see the power of God;  
For God has said to Germany,  
"The world is thine, I'll fight for thee."

Second Officer.

O let us not stretch forth the hand  
And bring disgrace to Fatherland.  
We cannot build for future years  
If we build on in human tears,  
For mothers' sighs and babies' cries  
Will go right through the vaulted skies  
To Him whose work on earth was done  
To save from shame each little one.  
To keep unspotted our fair name

Is greater than a world of fame.

(They All Go Out.)

[Enter a Squad of German Soldiers, followed by Edith Cavell.]

First Officer. (Addressing Edith Cavell.)

There's just one word for you to say,  
But say it now without delay,  
What do you think of German might?  
You see it now has won the fight  
Against all traitors strong and bold,  
Against all schemers young and old,  
Some day your memory will be  
Like Arnold's full of infamy.  
One moment and your life is o'er,  
You'll drift to the eternal shore.  
As you stand on the darkened brink  
Tell us right now just what you think;  
We pause just one dread moment here  
That you may shed repentent tear.

Edith Cavell.

'Tis sad that I must bid farewell  
To people that I love so well.  
'Tis not that I'm afraid to die  
That I do make my last sad sigh.  
For patriotism I have stood--  
A patriotism that does good  
And never causes tears to flow  
Or make the joy from life to go:  
But as I face the German gun  
To give my life for what I've done,

To keep my fellowmen from woe  
And take away earth's great sorrow.  
One thing I realize full well,  
And that I freely wish to tell:  
Patriotism's not enough--  
It shows a diamond in the rough.  
I bear my heart to German steel--  
In it no hatred I must feel.

(She dies.)

Act IV.      Scene 5.

[A Street of Chicago. Enter Newsboys and Citizens.]

First Newsboy.

An extra paper, right this way,  
A mighty ship is sunk to-day;  
The Lusitania goes down  
And hundreds of our people drown.

First Citizen.

Come here, come here, and let us see.  
This is the work of Germany.  
There's not a thing for us to do  
Except to fight the whole thing through.  
When Woodrow writes to Old Berlin  
He'll place the blame for this great sin.  
America must always be  
Defender of world liberty.

Second Newsboy.

United States has got no snap  
But let me in on this great scrap;  
I'll fight a German newsie kid,

I'll smash his bean and spoil his lid;  
And so you all can plainly see  
It's always Uncle Sam for me.

Second Citizen.

Why were those people on the sea?  
It's something I could never see.  
Such daring deeds will always be  
A shock to Pacifists like me.

First Citizen.

I always think a Pacifist  
Is just a lean, lank Pessimist,  
Who says that we should never fight  
A fellowman, "for it's not right."  
When Teddy came out of the West  
He tried to show the way that's best,  
He learned among the cowboys there  
The motto, "For a fight prepare."  
I think that it is time to fight,  
And show that U. S. stands for Right.  
God will Autocracy soon still  
As He did once at Bunker Hill.  
Great Lincoln said of Slavery,  
"It cannot live--all men are free;  
And yet to-day thrives Slavery--  
Its maker is Autocracy.  
Poor Belgium's cries have reached our  
land.  
United States will take a hand  
And drive the tyrant from the throne  
And make him for his sins atone.



"The Lusitania" must be  
The battle-cry of Liberty.  
(They All Go Out.)



Act V.                      Scene 1.

[The Royal Palace in Charlottenburg. Enter  
Von Mackensen, Von Bissing, Von Hinderburg,  
William II.]

Von Mackensen.

America some day will learn  
The meaning of our language stern,  
She must respect our mighty laws  
Or she will feel the eagle's claws.

Von Bissing.

To-day I hear the church bells ring,  
To-day I hear the children sing.

Von Hindenburg.

What is the music that I hear?  
Some German victory is near.  
Von Terpitz will a hero be  
For he is master of the sea.  
The day this mighty ship went down  
Von Terpitz won a world renown.

William II.

To-day a note from Wilson came,  
He puts on Germany the blame,  
And intimates that he will fight  
For what he calls the Truth and Right.  
America is in a huff,

But all she says is just a bluff.

Act V.      Scene 2.

[The Roosevelt Residence on Sagamore Hill,  
Oyster Bay, New York.]

Theodore Roosevelt, (In Meditation.)

Why am I here alone to-day?  
Why do I stay at Oyster Bay,  
When men are dying "over there,"  
When rockets pierce the gloomy air?  
To rest at ease when duty calls  
Is something that my soul appals.  
To rest, to sleep for Liberty--  
'Tis glorious enough for me.  
I'll volunteer to go to France,  
And with War's fate I'll take a chance.  
I'll write to Wilson now to-day.  
I hope I'll soon be on my way.  
My Country, I will fight for Thee,  
Great land of Liberty.

(He Goes Out.)

Act V.      Scene 3.

[Sagamore Hill. A Room in the Roosevelt Residence.]

Roosevelt.

I heard from Washington to-day,  
And must stay at Oyster Bay.  
Although I cannot go to France  
My sons will with the "boys" advance.  
A true American will make

A sacrifice for country's sake.

(He Goes Out.)

Act V.            Scene 4.

[On a Wharf of New York City, at which the "Majestic" waits to start for France with a contingent of United States soldiers. Enter Joe Meeker and Ross Wheeler.]

Ross Wheeler. (To Joe Meeker.)

Shake hands, shake hands, we're friends  
to-day,

Let's chum together on the way,  
And now I ask where is your home?  
Is it in Carthage or in Rome?

Joe Meeker. (To Ross Wheeler.)

I live in Colorado fair  
Where life is sweet with pleasure rare,  
Where Columbines of dainty hue  
Are nourished by the mountain dew,  
Where sunsets speak of wealth untold  
Far brighter than a ship of gold,  
Where glory comes to evening hours  
And beauty to the fragrant flowers.  
Such is the place where I was born.  
Let honor then the State adorn.  
If I should for my country die  
Just tell my people where I lie.  
Where do you live that I may tell  
Your folks at home that your fought  
well  
If you should die away in France

Where cruel Death has every Chance.  
Ross Wheeler. (To Joe Meeker.)

I live among the Catskill Hills,  
Where there are many charming rills,  
Where speckled trout in happy play  
Dart here and there the live-long day,  
Where bandit bees long journeys make  
And from the clover honey take,  
Where sugar-camps in Spring abound,  
Where there are apples sweet and round,  
Where Maple leaves when they grow  
old

Change from the green to red and gold,  
Where the Arbutus perfume throws  
To him who through the woodland goes,  
Where men the growing Chestnuts see,  
And squirrels that jump from tree to  
tree.

I live away in New York State  
But now I'm in the hand of Fate.  
So if I die I know you'll tell  
My people of the place I fell.  
(The "Majestic" leaves the dock.)  
Farewell to thee, farewell to Thee,  
My Country, Land of Liberty.

Roosevelt. (Stands on the Wharf.)

Words cannot tell my thoughts to-day,  
The great ship now has slipped away.  
There's Archie, Quenten, Kermit, Ted-  
They soon may be among the dead.

They may return to speak to me  
And show the scars of Liberty.  
And what is war? I thought I knew,  
But I must think the whole thing  
    through.  
Its desolation, ruin, shame  
Destroys a land of fairest name.  
O'er all the world flow streams of tears  
That will not cease for many years  
Until, perhaps, that happy day  
When Christ will wipe them all away.  
I look away out toward the sea.  
It is a saddened sight to see.  
The great "Majestic" rides the foam  
And takes our "boys" away from home;  
But then it is the second trip  
Of what I call the "Mayflower" ship.  
The Pilgrims sought for Liberty--  
Our "boys" will take it o'er the sea,  
All glory to this "Mayflower" ship  
That starts to-day her second trip.  
She'll give to Albert courage great  
To build again his ruined State.

(Roosevelt leaves the Wharf.)

Act V.                      Scene 5.

[A Cottage in a wooded Country of Colorado.  
John Meeker and his wife Jane sit in front of  
their Cottage.]

John Meeker.

I see yon sky all streaked with gold,



I know the day is growing old.  
I think the best part of the day  
Is when the Sun just slips away  
Behind the hill and goes to rest--  
This is the time that I like best.  
The best part of Life's day will be  
The Sunset--let it come to me.  
For thirty years we've lived here, Jane,  
And we have learned not to complain;  
But days are long and time is slow,  
I wonder when we'll hear from Joe.

Mrs. John Meeker.

The clock ticks on each weary day,  
But as it ticks I knit away,  
And hope that some day I will see  
My Joe just as he used to be;  
But if he dies, but if he dies  
I'll not weep out my weary eyes.  
This sacrifice must rise above  
The heart-strings of a mother's love.

(A Neighbor approaches with a Letter.)

I see a neighbor coming near,  
Does he bring any news to cheer?

(Takes Letter.) O God, O God, our Joe is dead.

And this is what the letter said:

"I thought that you would like to know  
About the death of your son Joe.  
He went to battle with a shout,  
"O Powder River," he called out.  
I stood beside him as he fell,

And he was fighting strong and well.  
They took him to a hut near by,  
And there I saw him calmly die,  
And as he died he sang to me,  
“Rock of Ages cleft for me”

(The Letter was signed by Ross Wheeler.)

Act V.            Scene 6.

[A Room in a Home in the Catskill Hills. New York.]

Mrs. Jacob Wheeler.

The Armistice was signed to-day,  
Our Ross will soon be on his way.  
The war has brought on us the rod,  
But we have seen the hand of God.  
We've learned the greatness of the State  
Lies all in Love and not in Hate;  
The Ruler of the world will be  
Henceforth the Man of Galilee.  
We've hammered on in our own way  
And hoped to build a home some day  
In which the human race can live  
And unto Honor homage give:  
But we forgot the Architect  
And His commands to us, “Reflect  
On my great plans and build to-day  
According to my chosen way.”  
We were in workman's clothes arrayed  
But did not see God's plan displayed;  
Or if we saw we did not care  
Until our “boys” died “over there.”

But there's a God who never sleeps,  
Who o'er the world strong vigil keeps.

Act V.                      Scene 7.

[The Palace of Amerongen in Holland.    Enter  
William Hohenzollern, Ex-Kaisar.]

William Hohenzollern.

How are the mighty fallen down!  
I've lost at length my precious crown,  
Ambition brought me to this fate--  
Ambition false taught me to hate.  
Forsaken by my dearest friend.  
Neglected, pining as the end  
Of earthly dreams is drawing near.  
Alas! Alas! I shed a tear  
O'er fallen idols that are dear  
As life to me--idols of power  
That perish in an evil hour.  
Ah, who can say Ambition's way  
Will make the soul with gladness play?  
Napoleon, Napoleon--  
What victories his genious won--  
Until a stern fate passed his way  
And took his glories all away!  
The sword made red old Waterloo  
And Flanders Field where Poppies grew.  
To St. Helena then was sped  
The man who painted nations red,  
And from that rocky isle one day  
His soul of sorrow passed away.  
So from this prison-house some day

My own sad soul will speed away.  
A dream I had one stormy night  
That filled my mind with awful fright.  
I heard the flutter of a wing  
And then I saw an awful thing  
That darted like an eagle fierce  
And tried my very heart to pierce;  
And then it flew without delay  
To Fatherland not far away.  
It flew above an open grave--  
Augusta slept among the brave.  
'Twas Death that came into my way  
Instead of joyous Destiny.  
When ruin stalks on every hand  
What will become of Fatherland?  
To dream, perhaps, and writhe in pain,  
To wake, to sleep, to dream again  
Of that sad day when to the world  
Defiance dark was proudly hurled,  
And steel met steel in bloody fight  
And turned the sunlight into night:  
So in my dream I looked away  
And saw sad Sorrow misty gray,  
And Nature seemed to shed a tear  
As toward that grave a stream came near.  
I looked away to Waterloo,  
I looked away to Athens too,  
I looked away to Italy  
Where Rome held sway so mightily,  
I looked far off to Ocean's gray

Where Spanish ships went down one day,  
I looked away to Mexico  
Where Maximillion suffered so,  
I looked to Egypt once so great,  
And Babylon a fallen State.  
There was no country I could see  
That did not show that stream to me.  
From savage lands its course did run  
From eastern dawn to setting sun.  
From Northern chill to Southern heat  
In one great stream its tears did meet.  
I looked again and lo, 'twas red.  
Oh! Such a sight! It turned my head,  
And as it flowed it seemed to say,  
"I'll meet you on the Judgment Day,  
For I am War cruel and grim,  
I'll fill your cup right to the brim  
Until you say you've had enough.  
Ambition should know better stuff."  
And then a gentle voice did say--  
It seemed to come from far away--  
"You did forget your wedding day,  
With false Ambition you did play,  
And War's stern sorrow on me lay  
Till I became a lump of clay."  
I woke and it was but a dream;  
Yet life is not what it did seem  
Before I entered on this race--  
Alas! Alas! My sad disgrace--  
For fleeting fame and passing power



That perish both in one sad hour.  
When all sword glories pass away  
What else is left to cheer my way?  
There is a power to cheer my life,  
It is the power of Christian wife.  
There is a Star of beauty bright  
That twinkles through the darkest night,  
That comes from Heaven just above--  
It is the Star of "Wifely Love."  
Sometimes the world forgets that star  
Whose brightness shines from Heaven  
afar  
To bless and cheer and help along  
The man whose heart has lost its song.  
She stands by him throughout the years  
And tries to help through cheers and  
fears.  
Twice blest the man whose wife does know  
The way the holy life should go,  
Who in a Christ-like spirit cheers,  
And Christ-like takes away the fears.  
This war has made me very sad,  
Sometimes I think that I am mad,  
After this tempest sad and sore  
The Fatherland will rise once more  
And help the nations of the earth  
In deeds that are of sterling worth.  
Forgetting war she then will rise  
A nation pure none can despise.  
I hope that the Allies will be

Kind to a fallen Germany,  
And that no jealousy may creep  
Abroad to cause the world to weep.  
But cruel war will never cease  
Till nations know the Prince of Peace.



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

**PreservationTechnologies**

**A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION**

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